

"There is one thing certain out of this coal famine," remarked an old stove repairer to a Star reporter, "and that is there will be more stove and furnace repairing to be done next summer than in any ten years combined. These soft coals are terribly exhausting on stoves and furnaces, indeed they practically burn them up so that repairs are almost useless. Ordinarily a good stove will last from five to ten years with anything like care, though, of course, the grates have to be renewed every couple of years. This is on the calculation that the hard or anthracite coals are used. But the soft coals not only consume the fire bricks and grates, but burn out the pipes leading into the chimneys in an amazing manner. The fact is the stoves in general use were made for hard coals exclusively. The only stoves that are made for the use of the soft coals are the old-fashioned eggshaped stoves, which are now only seen in depots and freight offices. They are made of a peculiar kind of cast iron, which is on an average about a half inch thick, and while soft coal eats them up in time, it takes a long time to do it. The soft coals leave great quantities of soot in the pipes, which at times burns as lively as does the customers to refrain as long as they can from using any kind of soft coal in their furnaces or latrobes, but it seems as if they will be forced to do it. Though many do not know it, it is a fact that wood burns out a stove more than hard coal. Wood also clogs up the pipes with soot. The modern flues cannot be cleaned out like the oldfashioned chimneys, and the chimney sweep is no longer a municipal attachment. He went out of existence long ago. About the only way that I know of to properly clean out a flue is to take down the pipes, which, of course, is a big job and throws the stove out of use while it is being done. I learned a trick to keep chimneys and flues clean in my boyhood days which may be of some service under present conditions, and that is to occasionally throw a piece of zinc into the stove. Scraps of zinc can be found now and then which can be used. The coverings of washboards are of zinc, and are very useful in this connection. Just throw them into the stove. The result is that the chemical action, in consequence of the decomposition of the zinc, disintegrates the soot formation, sets it free so that it is consumed and goes up the chimney. If scraps of zine have to be purchased, it will pay to use it in keeping the flues in order. It is specially necessary where wood alone is used. Alternating the use of wood and coal is also of advantage in keeping the chimney

"Recently I saw a statement in public print that the first inauguration ball of President Grant was held in the marble the man they had called "Rube," but there bank room of the Treasury Department building," observed an old resident to a Star reporter, "and following it was the additional statement that, considering the size of the room, it could not have been much of an affair. The first statement only fines imposed on the three men amounted to \$79.85, a little more than their combined partially covered the case, for the inauguration ball was held in the entire north wing ter of "coming up to the captain's desk" or of the building, dancing being carried on going to jail. The constable finally on the three floors, so there was as much of the ball on one floor as another. The presidential set was, of course, danced on the lower floor. The basement or lower floor was also in evidence, and the halls of almost the entire building were used in the promenades. It was a pretty big thing, I thank you, and I do not know that any of the inauguration balls since have been in any way grander, though they may have been more numerously attended. The attendance at the first Grant ball ran away up into the thousands. It was famous for the great supper that so few got, not because there was not supper enough for all. but because the arrangements were such that those who got into the upper room, owing to the immensity of the crowd, were unable to get out, thus keeping all others from getting a bite to eat. Those who got into the supper room had to stay there, and all they saw of the ball was what occurred

The music for the dance was furnished by three famous bands, one stationed on each floor. By a telegraphic arrangement all started at the same time, playing the same music. Old timers well remember that Horace Greeley lost his hat and overcoat at the ball, and had to go to his hotel hatless and coatless and terribly mad."

"The employes of the War Department." said one of them to a Star reporter, "have much to be thankful for during the present | saved double her wages in two months." CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TWO RULES OF LIFE A CHRISTMAS IDYLL WAR ON

Just about this time a man has to be mighty careful about opening bureau drawwant to be scared into a spasm by her sudden cries when she sees what he is doing. Just why wives persist in "hiding" the Christmas presents they have purchased for their husbands in the drawers of bureaus that are used by both of them in common, when there are so many actual hiding places for such gear in most houses, is inexplicable. But they all do it. And, while few husbands are mean enough to say anything about it, it is a fact that a when the weather became less oppressive, the order was rescinded in all the departments except the War Department, with the result that all the employes of that large establishment still knock off work at 3 o'clock Saturday, while their fellow-clerks in the other departments have to stick to their desks until 4 o'clock, the good many of them accidentally dig out presents taus "secreted," thus hopelessly ruining the "s'prise" that their wives have intended for them on Christmas morning. And, in connection with this gift-exchanging custom between husbands and wives, there are one or two facts that go to prove that men are really more curious than wo-men, notwithstanding the age-old belief to

year in the matter of shorter hours on Sat-

urday. All the executive departments adopted the rule of closing at 3 o'clock on

Saturday early in the summer, when the intense heat made confinement indoors in-

tolerable. Early in September, however, when the weather became less oppressive,

same as on other days of the week. No one is able, apparently, to explain the exception

made in favor of the employes of the war office, and we do not know whether it is

due to the humanity of Secretary Root or whether it is simply because no one has the temerity or desire to suggest to him that

the summer is over. The matter is entirely in the hands of Secretary Root, and the general impression is that he has been so burdened with the cares of state that he

has overlooked the necessity for action, that is, if he really did not intend that the

3 o'clock rule should be permanent. It's a great thing for us, and we all appreciate it highly."

Eva is the servant girl of a young couple

living in an uptown apartment house. She

ter in the cook book reading "How To Train Green Cooks" is intended. Eva has

always proved herself willing and indus-

trious, however, and when not engaged in

the culinary department is anxiously look-

ing around for something to employ her en-

Eva came to the conclusion the other day

that all the silver in the flat needed clean-

ing. She assured the mistress of the house-

spoons with the brick dust that is com-

Eva, conscious of having sinned only through necessity, sheepishly replied:

* * * * *

"Reuben, Reuben, you've been drinking."

was the song of three young Washingto-

a Sunday gunning trip two weeks ago. Two

hours later, when they were brought before

the man at whom they had directed the

song, their inclinations led them to some

thing on the order of "Hail to the Chief."

In the words of the man who related the

The young men, who were ignorant of the law concerning Sunday shooting, were en-

joying themselves on the property of the

magistrate when they were informed that they were violating the law. Then it was that one of them inquired: "Rube, when are you coming to town?" and the song queted came next.

The gunners went on their way satisfied that they had had a little fun at the ex-

pense of the native, and that the affair had ended without any harm being done. Such

was not the feeling of the magistrate, for

he went in search of a constable and suc-

ceeded in finding oue. Three hours after their song had been indulged in the trio

was nothing they could do to escape trial

Violating the Sunday law, gunning with-

out a license and trespass were a few of

cash capital. It resolved itself into a mat-

vanced the amount of cash that was lack-

"Washingtonians, as a rule, do not real-

through this section of the country," re-

marked a citizen who is a lover of nature.

"Even in midwinter it is a pleasure to

follow the course of the Sligo. Here and

there are extensive slopes terminating in

valleys or small canyons, leading to sharp

and extremely precipitous places, with

great rugged rocks protruding, the coun-

try being covered with a magnificent growth of oaks, chestnuts and hickories

that tower with majestic proportions to-

"All residents of the District of Colum

bia should regret that these natural beau-

ties and rura! attractions must soon give

way to improvements, caused by the de-

Too Excessively Economical.

"Yes, I had to discharge Bridget because

"But I don't see-"
"Well, I happened to discover she had

velopment of the capital city.

she was too economical--"

ward the heavens.

ing and held one of the guns as security.
"We'll never go there any more" wa

"I used up all the sapolio."

county magistrate.

before him.

ergetic hands.

is one of those persons for whom the chap-

For example, a husband, along about this For example, a husband, along about this season, in looking for a fresh shirt in the morning, yanks out the wrong drawer of the bureau while his wife is in the room. Most men invariably pull out the wrong drawer first. It doesn't make any difference if his shirts have been kept in the middle drawer of the bureau for twenty years, when he goes to look for a clean shirt it is usually about two to one that he will haul out the top or the bottom drawer will haul out the top or the bottom drawer first, sometimes accompanying the action with a growl about the way his wearing apparel is being constantly shifted around by his wife. Well, he pulls out the bottom drawer, say, and his wife, who is doing her hair in another part of the room, catches him in the act just in time, emits her little scream, rushes over to the bureau and pushes the drawer shut. The man Jumps when he hears the little shriek, thinking of dynamite and all sorts of other idiotic things, and then the business dawns

upon him. He grins foolishly. and then he goes on grinning while he brushes his hair. Then he turns to his wife. "Whatchoo got in there, any way?" he She makes some remark bearing on and

hold that she was an adept at the art of silver polishing. Thereupon she was told she could indulge herself with the silver during the afternoon, while the mistress appertaining to "rubber."
"Aw, g'wan and tell me what it is," he continues, wheedlingly.

She mentions the feline that met an unwas out calling.

One may well imagine the dismay of this young wife when she returned rather un-"Bet it's clgars," says the man, a note of alarm in his tone. "Hope not. I'm thinking about quitting smoking on New Year." expectedly a little later and found the ser-vant girl hard at work on some sterling monly used for scouring steel knives.

"Eva," fairly shouted the girl's mistress,
"what on earth do you mean by polishing
the silver with that brick?" This statement, of course, is a horrible invention of the moment; yet it would be sad if men were to be condemned everlastingly for endeavoring to head their wives off from presenting them with Christmas

cigars. Nothing doing in the conversational line on his wife's part.
"Well, what a pinhead I am, to be sure,"
he says reflectively, as he is attaching his
cuffs. "I might have known all the time nians who went to a neighboring state on that it was a shaving outfit."

His wife carefully adjusts her side combs and refrains from talking. He sticks his hands into his trousers pockets and gazes at her quizzically. "Aw, come on, now, like a good girl and

tell me if you've gone and got me that bath robe that we saw in the shop window the other night," he says in his most scientific story the next day, they had been conological" tone of voice. By this time she has finished dressing. She "pinched" and the man who had provoked the alleged laughable song proved to be the aces her hands upon her hips and faces him determinedly. "Please leave the room this instant," she

says to him.

He grins foolishly again as he slips into his coat, and as he goes out of the room he keeps looking back like an overgrown boy and says, "Well, you might let a feller see Compare the attitude of the husband.

then, in this Christmas gift business, with the position of the wife. She doesn't want o know what he is going to give her for Christmas. She wants to be "s'prised. "Say, hun," he remarks to her at the breakfast table one morning, "Whatchoo want for Christmas? It's up to you, you

"Up to me? The idea! How preposterous! Why, it wouldn't be any Christmas gift at all if I told you what to get me." 'Well, I was thinking about getting

her fingers in her ears. "Don't you care Then, after a while, as an idea strikes

"Of course," she says to him, musinely, "if you are worried about sizes, you know, why, your sister and I wear exactly the "No," he breaks in, "it's nothing that

Again her fingers go into her ears. The s'prise" is everything to her, and she is resolved not to hear in advance. If this doesn't come pretty hear proving that wo-men are less curious than men, then nothize that Sligo creek is one of the prettiest

Some wives, along about now, nevertheless have a clever little way of hinting to their husbands that such-and-such an article or articles is what they would most cherish when Christmas comes along. But their choice is such a fluctuating quantity that the husband has to possess the acumen of a Philadelphia lawyer to be able to sift his wife wants him to give her for a Christ-

For example, they are taking a walk along the business streets.
"What a lovely muff!" the wife exclaims, rapturously, halting him in front of a show window. "And isn't it cheap!" "Would you like to have that muff?" the

husband impulries, clumsily—but he thinks he is very off-hand and secretive, indeed, in his manner of doing it. "Would I!" she exclaims, expressively.
"That's what she wants—a muff," the husband says to himself, and he about makes up his mind that a muff is what he

will get her for a Christmas gift. They pursue their walk, and she pulls him up to a window where there is a neat-looking manicure set exhibited prominently. "Now, isn't that perfectly lovely, and how in the world they can make such things so cheap, I do declare!" she says.
"H'm," the husband remarks to himself. "I guess, after all, it's a manicure set like

A bit farther down the street she ex-citedly calls his attention to a handsome silver-backed brush and a silver-bound comb in a satin-lined plush case.

"Now, pretty is no name for that comb and brush, is it?" she asks him, her eyes shining. "'Deed, they are just giving things away this year, aren't they?"

"She wants a nice comb and brush for her descen" says the husband to himself.

her dresser," says the husband to himself.
And that's the way it goes. When the day arrives for him to purchase his wife's Christmas gift, his mind is in a jumble. If he's a pretty good fellow-and it's measura bly safe to say that most husbands are just that, in Washington-he wishes he had the money to get her everything that she has admired in their walks, but he almost invariably winds up by getting her a gift that she hasn't even mentioned.

Aerial Baggage Shifter.

From Nature. An aerial luggage transmitter has been erected recently by the London and Southwestern Railway Company at its junction at Woking, and is, we understand, in the nature of an experiment, being, it is believed, the first appliance of its kind used by any railway company in the kingdom. In briefly describing it Engineering states that on the up and down platforms are erected iron towers, each thirty-two feet six inches in height, and set in blocks of concrete. Suspended from tower to tower are four spans of wire cable. The topmost cable, on which the transmitter runs to and fro, is exceptionally strong, and is capable of bearing a strain equal to at least twenty tons. The second cable keeps the transmit-ter in position, and the third and fourth ter in position, and the third and fourth cables, which are much thinner and are in one length, are for "paying out" and "returning." Each span is 110 feet long, and the height of the transmitter above the railway is twenty-two feet six inches. Attached to the transmitter is an iron cage capable of holding half a ton at one time. The whole is worked by hydraulic power. capable of holding half a ton at one time. The whole is worked by hydraulic power, the engine being on the down side. Above it is a small box in which are the levers working the apparatus. The transmitter is very rapid in its working, taking only thirty seconds to deposit ten hundredweight of luggage from one platform to the other. All the experimental trials have been, it is said, most satisfactory, and the transmitter is now ready for use.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Observer-There's no doubt of It, the cost of living has advanced. Pessimist-Yes, and now it'll just be our

"A year ago last summer," said a man who writes for magazines, "I was ordered ers if his wife is in the room, if he doesn't by a publication that occasionally hands me money to get the material for and fix up an illustrated article about centenarians. I was living in New York then, and so I decided to tackle the nearest centenarians to New York that I knew anything about. ing at the calendar, "and then-They were a couple of nimble old boys, both of them living on Long Island, one at Jamaica and the other at Great Neck. I up from his desk-chair and began to stride decided to make one day of it in interview-

ing and photographing the both of them. "I found the aged individual of Jamaica engaged in weeding his garden. He was about the busiest 106-year-old man that I ever saw. His cheeks were rosy, his eyes clear, his white hair glossy and plentiful, his teeth first rate, his hearing as good as mine and his walk firm. He had less trou-ble bending over those truck and flower beds of his than I would have had, and when he came to an erect position he was as straight as a lance. There was, in fact,

as straight as a lance. There was, in fact, a suggestion of great power about him as he stood up and faced me. There wasn't a quaver in his voice when he courteously inquired my business.

"We talked for a couple of hours, and I photographed him in various positions. He had lived by the book all his life, he told me, and had been born in the house in which I found him. In all of his 106 years he had never spent more than eight nights out of his bed in that house. He had never been farther away from Jamaica than New York city, and had never wanted to get any farther away from Jamaica. He had never tasted a cup of coffee or tea in his life, and tasted a cup of coffee or tea in his life, and for the past thirty years he hadn't eaten a particle of meat, subsisting altogether on fruits, vegetables and cereais. He had never even smelt of any sort of liquor in his life, and the very thought of tobacco in any form nauseated him, and had always nauseated him. The hot roast that he gave liquor in profitcher and profit herety. nauseated him. The hot roast that he gave liquor in particular made me feel pretty cheap over the bottle of beer I had taken at a tavern across the way from the Jamaica station on my way to the old man's home—I was afraid that he might have smelt my breath. Every day of his life, for the past seventy-odd years, he had taken a good, brisk walk of at least four miles in all weathers had a good rain. miles, in all weathers—hot or cold, rain, snow, sleet or hail, blizzard or calm. He snow, sleet or hail, blizzard or calm. He had made it a life-long practice to be in his bed at 8 o'clock every night, and just as regularly he climbeu out of bed at 6 o'clock in the morning. Oh! he was a good old man, all right, and his description of his manner of living abashed me.

"I was full of meditations upon the subject of the ascetic life for a man degirous of

attaining the 100-year mark when I left this rosy old gentleman and took the train o dig up the other aged man at Great

found this agile youth of 108 years seated in a fine, big easy chair on the front porch of his vine-draped and rose adorned home. He, too, had a glowing, peachy skin, teeth as good if not better than my own, perfect sight and hearing and plentiful silver hair. When he rose from his chair to greet me there was not only no creaking in his joints, but his movements were free, supple, easy. He was smoking a short, black clay pipe of villainous effluvia, and he was even then chipping off another pipeful from a black plug with a penknife. He greeted me cordially and gave me a handclasp that was full of

gave me a handclasp that was full of power. I explained my mission to him.

"All right, my son,' said he, but talking's dry work," and he winked sagely at me and led the way. We went into the sitting room, where there was a sideboard. He took a four-finger hooter of red liquor, and I joined him to be polite, although the day was hot and I didn't want it. Then we returned to the porch and after he had his pipe filled with black tobacco a-going—it made me dizzy to see the old boy smoke that tobacco in that pipe—he talked.

"Yep, he was 108, and if I doubted it I could see the entry on the register of the little old church down the street. He had jammed about the country a good deal in his young days, but had been settled down in Great Neck for the past forty years or

in Great Neck for the past forty years or so. Exercise? He laughed. He had never avolding its What did he eat? Any old thing that he warted. He laughed again as he told me that he had partaken of a lot of cold veal on the night before a bit preever since his tweifth year, and had smok-ed continuously and perhaps excessively ever since his fifteenth year. He couldn't remember when he hadn't drank liquor. How many drinks of liquor did he take a day? Oh, he didn't count 'em, but he didn't suppose he had been taking more than fif-teen or twenty drinks of rye a day for the past twenty or more years—when a man was getting on in years it was necessary for him to be a bit careful in such matter felt like it, often remaining up until midlight to chat with cronies who called upon him. He didn't believe in this early rising nonsense, and there were consarned few sun rises that he had ever seen. He had burled five wives, and he dryly remarked that he was just beginning to 'take notice' again, and that I needn't be surprised if I heard of him getting married again som time within the next few years. I photo-graphed him, and we took another drink—a stiff, four-finger one again for the old gen-tleman. We chatted for a while longer, and then I announced my intended departure. He said he wasn't going to send any mar away from his home dry, and we had another ball—four fingers once more for him.

He was right chipper and cheerful and flushed when he waved his hand at me as I turned the corner down the street.
"So there you are. You can fix it up your.

self. It was too deep for me, and it still

PLENTY OF RED TAPE. But Mr. Mallon Has Not Yet Received

His \$25. John W. Mallon of Riley county, Kan., some time last May, while riding along in his buggy, got himself tangled up with a bunch of stampeded troop horses belonging

to the post at Fort Riley, and my, oh! my, what a commotion it has caused along Red Tape avenue in the War Department. Mr. Mallon sued the government for the damage to his carriage, which amounted to \$25. Then the trouble began. First there was an order for a board of survey to be held at Fort Riley. Three of-

ficers composed this board, and met June 29. The postmaster of Ogden, Kan., where the accident occurred, testified that he saw it happen, and that the damage done amounted to fully \$25. The "Hoss Wrangler," Private Fred Thompson, who had the stampeded horses in charge, testified that the accident happened, and that he couldn't help it, as the bunch had got away from him. The assistant horse wrangler testified to the same thing, and said he couldn't help it, either. The board gravely considered the evidence before it, and conscientiously gave it as its opinion that \$25 ought to salve the injured Mr. Mallon's feelings, and at the same time pay for the dam-age. It also found that the accident was "unavoidable" and no one could be held re-

"unavoidable" and no one could be held responsible for it.

The members of the board all signed the opinion, and it was approved and countersigned by "C. C. C. Carr, colonel, commanding." Them, it started on its rounds. It went to the D.Q.M.G., U.S.A., and C.Q.M., at Omaha, Neb. He "respectfully returned" it to the adjutant general, Department of Missouriato forward to "higher authority for payment." He sent it with his approval to the adjutant general of the army. The adjutant general, "respectfully submitted" it to the Secretary of War, who evidently turned it over to the Q. M. G. for information, for itmwas seturned to him with the tion, for itnwas returned to him with the indorsement of the Q. M. G. and a brief of its import. The report by this time took on a yard or two of paper closed up like a fan, upon which are the indorsements of twelve other officers, men and citizens.

The costs in the thing had by the time the bill got before Congress amounted to

the bill got before Congress amounted to about \$500, and yet the little old \$25 was no nearer being paid, because each officer to whom it was submitted declared that he whom it was submitted declared that he had at his disposal no funds with which to pay it. Now Congress is to come to the aid of Mr. Mallen and help him liquidate the damages to his "kerridge." He will have earned the money by the time it gets

Couldn't Break the Package. From the Chicago Tribune. "You bought fifty pounds of butter for

your boy? What possible use can he make

It was two days before Christmas. The man bent wearily over his desk, shading his eves with his left hand, and the pen in his right.

He looked worried and care-worn. "Only two more days," he sighed, glanc-He gazed out of the window dully at the slowly falling snow. Then he suddenly got

up and down the office, running his hands through his hair in a sort of frenzy. "How shall I break it to the poor, faithful girl?" he muttered hollowly. "A better

wife no man ever had, and now, after all of these years, all of the cheerful, happy Christmases—now—"
He gave a groan as he dropped into his chair again.
His mind flew back to the early years of his married life, and he tried to remember some circumstance connected with each Christmas that he and his wife had passed

together. 'And now-" he murmured again. He picked up his pen and endeavored to concentrate his mind upon the pile of work heaped up before him, trying to force back the flood of memories that poured in upon his mind. But work he could not.

"If there were any way—"
The words beat upon his brain with all of the power and persistence of a steam ham-"If there were any way in the world-

He donned his hat and great coat and strode out of the office. But trudging through the snow-covered streets in the biting air only aroused his faculties to a fuller appreciation of the hopelessness of fuller appreciation of the hopelessness

"It cannot be done—absolutely cannot."
he muttered to himself as he went along.
Contented-looking pedestrians, their arms
filled with holiday gifts, eyed him curiously
as they passed along, but he never looked
up from the path of snow which he pursued, nor seemed to notice their wondering

"I dare not tell her—it will break her heart!" the man exclaimed in a muffled tone. Then he observed that a huge policeman standing on a corner was watching him narrowly, and he hastened his steps.

"Perhaps," he said to himself half aloud, as he wended his way toward his office, "it would be better for me to write to the poor of the half aloud, as he wended his way toward his office, "it would be better for me to write to the poor of the half aloud, have the heart of the half aloue. girl and thus prepare her for the blow. I could never stand before her and brutally tell her without in some way preparing

When he reached his office he sat down at his desk and tried to compose his mind in order to write the letter to his wife. For a full half hour he sat with his head buried on his breast, in deep thought. Then he roused himself, and, picking up the pen,

began.

"My dearest wife," he began, "I am writing you this letter, and sending it to you by a messenger, because I have something to say to you that I simply cannot, dare not, say to you in spoken words. I could never stand that. You yourself know how I stand that. You yourself know how I shrink from wounding you. You will do me the justice to admit that during all of these never wantonly or cruelly—"
Something that was almost a sob shook the frame of the strong man as he laid the

pen down.
"No," he murmured when he had partly recovered himself, "that would not do.
Such preliminary words would fill her
mind with awful apprehensions, and the
reality is bad enough, heaven knows. Maybe it would be better for me to see one of her brothers, and tell him all, and let him go to her and break the force of the blow. That is what I shall do." Once more he donned his hat and great-coat. He was still buttoning the greatcoat about him when the office boy pushed open the swinging office doors and an-

"Mr. Giglamperino, sir!" "Show him in!" the man was barely able to gasp, and then he tottered back into his chair, his face gradually assuming an ex-pression of amazement, mingled with expectancy.

nounced:

A stout, oily, smiling man entered the oftaken a bit of exercise in his life when he could get out of it. He wouldn't walk a the oily man's side in two bounds and grasped him by the shoulders "Well!" he shouted, hoarsely into the ear of the individual who had been announced

as Mr. Giglamperino. "Well, sir," replied the oily man, with a slow smile, "I guess it's all right." An expression of almost speechless, idiotic of the man, who, but a moment before, had

been bending over his desk the picture of "that you have got them?"

morocco leather case from his pocket. "Heaven bless you, man!" excitedly ex-claimed the now cheerful-looking man, ex-citedly wringing the olly man's hand. "You do not know-you can never know-what you have saved me from."
"Well, I'm glad of that, sir," respectfully

replied the oily individual. "I'm sure I've worked hard to fill your order. And I had but little hope, I can assure you, until quite recently, that I should be able to fill it in time for this coming Christmas. But, without saying anything about it to you, I cabled orders, about two months ago, to my agent in Ceylon to put every unemployed diver on the island at work. He immediately got together a force of 248 unemployed divers, dividing them into a day and night force—and here, sir, is the result—they found the three matching pearls necessary to complete the chain, and here it is!" The oily man touched a spring on the side of the morocco leather case and the

lid flew up, revealing a magnificent rope of 375 perfectly matched pearls.
"My boy," frantically exclaimed the multimillionaire, jumping from his seat and once more wringing the paw of Mr. Giglamperino, "you're all right! My wife was count-ing on those pearls for a sure thing this Christmas, and I'm a-telling you that I wouldn't have dared to even show up at home on Christmas day without them. I think our arrangement, when I gave you this order, was that the rope should cost \$375,000-a thousand for each pearl, eh? Well, there's nothing ungrateful about me, and when a man does me a favor in the way you have done I want to reward him and the multi-millionaire scribbed a check

Then, in his elation, he wired to the president of his favorite university that he was present of \$1,000,000.

And so there was a merry Christmas, after all, in the multi-millionaire's little 237-room

PLENTY OF SUFFERING.

in gems.

So She Sought Relief From a Senate Committee.

Senator Bacon of Georgia, the chairman of the committee on woman's suffrage, had an experience a few days ago that he will not soon forget. Upon leaving his committee room with several friends he found a well-dressed and intelligent-looking colored woman, with something of the air of a "new woman" of the twentieth century.

"Is this the room of the committee on woman's 'suffering?'" she inquired, addressing the Georgia senator. Being assured that it was the committee on woman's suffrage she inquired further:

'Can I see the chairman of the com mittee?" She was informed that the chairman of the committee was before her.
"Well," she said, "I want to see if I can
get some help for our women and chil-

Senator Bacon, who is a typical southerner and the embodiment of courtesy to every one, regarded his visitor a moment in silence, and then asked in what way help could be given the women and children for whom their spokesman pleaded. It was a new idea to him that the colored women and children of the south wished to vote.

"There is a great deal of suffering am our women and children, and I heard that this was the committee to come to," said the visitor, "to secure help for them." Senator Bacon courteously explained that this committee related to the question of women's right to vote, and that "suffrage" did not mean "suffering." His visitor asked him if he knew where the suffering committee room was located, and then, learning that she was from Tennessee, he suggested that she confer with the senators from that

From the Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—"Now, children, this queer in-sect is called 'The devil's darning needle.' " luck to have the undertakers form a trust to take it in a dump or go without. It's a lock of dying.

"Well, he thought he wanted it, and I had like that he had with one of the bench-warmer was a clear-eyed Irishman, a lock?"

"Well, he thought he wanted it, and I had like that he had with one of the bench-warmer was a clear-eyed Irishman, a properly fitted."

stratching idly on the blotting pad with District Attorney Jerome Making Strong Fight.

DIFFICULT JOB AHEAD

CANFIELD HAS MONEY TO SPEND IN CONTEST.

Declares He Will Put \$5,000,000 in the Scale Against Enforcement

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, December 19, 1902. The battle between the gamblers and the reformers is on. It is going to be a long fight. The experts are manifesting a willingness to lay 2 to 1 that when it is all over the reformers will be in full retreat. "It has been stated," said a newspaper reporter to Richard Canfield, the head-liner among all American gambling house proprietors, who is at the head of the gamblers' fight, "that you and your associates are ready to spend a million of money, if necessary, to win out in this contest."

"That statement." laconically replied Mr. Canfield, "is inexact. We are ready to spend five millions." The hardihood of District Attorney Je

rome in precipitating this huge fight is only equaled by the amazing audacity of Canfield and the rest of the gamblers in instantly accepting the challenge.

"You are maintaining gaming tables, and therefore you are felons under the code," is, in essence, Jerome's attitude toward the "We are maintaining gaming tables, and we are going to continue to maintain them —hang the code!" is the extraordinarily frank attitude of the gamblers toward Je-

And now, upon that basis, they are going to fight it out in the courts—have already begun to do so, in fact. Both sides are already talking dizzily of carrying the fight to the United States Supreme Court if necessary. There is going to be no quarier asked for or accepted on either side. It may be taken for granted that Jeromo will put up a great fight. He will be fighting for his own continuance as a political fac-tor, not for the reform administration of Mayor Low. Indeed, the Low administra-tion is already hopelessly ruined, in the opirion of the most unbiased non-partisans.

Jerome's Prospects of Success.

Upon the character of the fight that Jerome puts up with the gamblers will depend his success or failure in the future in this town. This young man has not been able, for many reasons, to fulfill even a fair percentage of the magniloquent promises that he made on the stump to the people of New York during the last municipal campaign. As district attorney of New York he has encountered obstacles and obstructions of a sort to discourage even so brave an optimist as he is. He is resolved, now, to make a sort of forlorn hope assault against Canfield and Canfield's hosts. He probably does not expect to win, but he does unquestionably intend to wage a war-fare that will aid in rehabilitating him in the estimation of his former great train of followers, lately grown rather lukewarm. Jerome is young, adroit and able. His ac-cidental association with the reformers hasn't made him a prunes-and-prisms young man, either. Before he was elected to his position he made rather a baid announce-ment on the stump.

"If I go into the district attorney's office," he said, "I am going to put the gamblers out of business-mark that. Not only the little fellows, but the big ones. And before I leave the district attorney's office I'll go after and get 'Dick' Canfield—stick a pin in that and remember it."

This, of course, was rash talk, and for-

givable as such, proceeding, as it did, from the lips of quite a young man. He hasn't got the gamblers yet, little or big, and one can count on one hand the names of those even of the small fry that he has put out of business. Nor has he come anywhere near "getting" "Dick" Canfield. On the contrary, the old-timers who have been watching these things in New York for four a good deal better than an even chance of

In the meantime, the situation is picturesque. The cheek of the gamblers en-gaged in this singular fight is no longer astonishing. It has become simply amus-ing.. To maintain a gambling house in New York is a felony. Housebreaking in the night is also a felony. Supposing the burglars were to beard Jerome and say unto him, "Yes, we are burglars, and, what's more, we are going to continue in business, and we're going to fight you on that issue, taking the thing, if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the United States." If this were to happen, the situation could not, as a matter of fact, be much funnie." than it is now. But the burglars are not organized, and they're consequently not ready "to spend five millions." That's the ready "to spend five millions." That's the difference. Another difference is that there is no public demand for burglary, as there is for gambling. It is authoritatively stated that there are 100,000 clients in New York city alone of the public gambling houses, including many men of distinction, and, in addition, there are 25,000 transients at the hotels all the time who take frequent "flyers" at the gaming tables of New York,

New York's Unemployed.

It is estimated by the department of charities that for the first time in a good many years at the beginning of winter there are now only 20,000 men out of work in New York. Practical sociologists maintain that out of these 20,000 idle ones fully 90 per cent don't want to work, and there are good grounds for believing that their contention is substantially correct. It has been shown time and again that almost any sort of a man, no matter how badly he has been of a man, no matter how badly he has been reduced by dissipation or other causes, can secure some sort of a life-supporting job in New York at any season of the year if he goes after it with a will. Newspaper reporters have been frequently sent out by their chiefs to prove this fact. They have rigged themselves out in the outlandish make-up of hoboes in the last stages of a usreputability, and yet every one of them has contrived to pick up work of some sort has contrived to pick up work of some sort or another within a day or so. They haven't been able to "nail bank presidents' billets," as one of them slangily put the matter in writing the account of his job-hunting adventures, but they have managed to get jobs as 'longshoremen, street laborers, fruit packers, teamsters, porters in warehouses and fair-paying berths of that character. Almoners in the employ of rich men and women of New York have also undertaken women of New Yora have also undertaken investigations along these lines, and all of them have stated their conviction that there is no need for any man who really wants work to remain out of employment in New York for any length of time. The town is huge and active enough to absorb and take care of every man possessing a willing pair of hands.

A short time ago a rich young New Yorker, noted for his practical charities and his philanthropic spirit, made up his mind that he would like to find out something about the fellows who spend their days aimlessly seated on City Hall Park benches, staring linto vacancy and reading old scraps of

seated on City Hall Park benches, staring into vacancy and reading old scraps of newspapers. So he gave two or three dozen of them a dollar each to tell their little stories to him as he sat alongside of them in the park. Rum was at the bottom of all, or nearly all, of the stories they gave him, but rum wasn't the whole thing. Did Not Believe in Work.

Most of the "bums" told the young philanthropist that they were born tired; that they didn't believe in the thing known as work, and that they never expected to believe in it. They stated that they had tried work at various stages of their lives, and they were almost a unit in declaring that

they were almost a unit in declaring that they never intended to daily with it any more under any circumstances.

Most of them exhibited the utmost candor in declaring, in all seriousness, that they didn't believe human beings ought to be required to work for their livelihoods. These chaps may have been "stringing" the young philanthropist, with the idea, perhaps, of giving him a good dollar's worth of conversation. It is certain that he was a decidedly stunned individual when he got through that afternoon of quizzing. The talk that he had with one of the bench-

huge, brawny fellow, in a clean suit of blue dungarees. He looked like a 'longshoreman. He was contentedly smoking a pipe when the young philanthropist braced him with the dollar proposition for a little talk. The man in the blue dungarees took the dollar with a slow grin. Then he pulled out of his trousers pocket a wad of yellow bills as big as his ham-like fist, and, adding the dollar bill to the roll, replaced it in his pocket. Then the man in the blue dungarees goodnaturedly went on and told his story. He wasn't a "bum," and never had been one for a single hour. He had worked all his life until about six months before, when one of his uncles, a wealthy contractor in the west, had died and left him the snug sum of \$80,000. He had invested a good part of the money in a couple of good East Side the money in a couple of good East Side tenement houses, and the rest of the money, except the "little change" he packed around with him, was safe in bank. He calmly exhibited bank books showing aggregate denoisite of \$10 Myr. then was he sitting hibited bank books showing aggregate de-posits of \$40,000. Why, then, was he sitting around on park benches, smoking a clay pipe and clad in blue dungarees? Because that was the sort of thing he liked. He wasn't used to putting on any lugs. Any-how, he enjoyed watching other folks going to and from their work while he was idle and knew that he could afford to be idle. He spent half of the day, he said, on the park benches, and the other half down on he spent hair of the day, he said, on the park benches, and the other half down on the docks, watching the 'longshoremen, his former workmates, toil. He liked to see 'em work, he said. That was all. The young philanthropist investigated the story of the man in the blue dungarees, and found that it was true in every particular. He has given up sympathicing with the He has given up sympathizing with the long bench-rows of chaps sprawling around the parks, and he has about made up his mind that those of them who are not lazy no-goods are siesta-enjoying capitalists.

Novelties in Crime.

When it comes to novelties in the criminal line, as often set forth in this correspondence, New York comes pretty close to leading the world.

About a month ago one of the great department stores of 23d street engaged as a floor detective for the holidays an alert, handsome woman of thirty-five or so.
When the woman presented herself for the
job she had all manner of fine credentials,
showing that she had performed similar and she was engaged in quick order. She was assigned to the fur department, which covers a whole floor of the great department store's building, furs being one of the establishment's specialties. It was her business of covers to keep an even on

business, of course, to keep an eye on

She hadn't been at work in her new position for more than a week before the salesmen and saleswomen began to miss a good many articles—fine boas and muffs and such. But the female detective seemed to be tremendously busy all over the de-partment all the time, and her employers were convinced of her competency. So they simply charged the missing articles up to profit and loss, deeming a certain amount of cribbing by shoplifters inevitable during the Christmas shopping season, even with the services of expert female detectives. During the second week of the new female detective's incumbency the thefts from the fur department increased at a prodigious rate. The shoplifters were not contenting themselves with boas and muffs, but they were actually getting away with heavy and valuable fur coats. When these facts were made known to the firm by the fur sales-men it decided to put one of its regular female detectives in the fur department to assist its new detective in watching the shoplifters. The regular female detective hadn't been on duty with the extra employe for more than half a day when she saw a woman whose picture has for years been in the rogues' gallery, with "shop-lifter" scrawled underneath the portrait,

deliberately pick up a valuable seal must and walk away with it right under the eyes of the new female detective. This fact she reported to the firm. The Detective Detected.

The firm telephoned for a headquarters detective. The headquarters detective was strolling through the fur department of that establishment about fifteen minutes later, and he had no sooner clapped eyes upon the extra female detective than he indulged in a broad grin. He recognized the woman as one of the most notorious shoplifters in America, whose picture is in every rogues' gallery in the United States, and at appearance that fur department was simply cluttered with professional shoplifters men and women, who were looting the place with the full sanction and approval and connivance of the female detective,

their pal. The woman was taken off to headquarters in a cab with the detectives. She was to game and too much of an old-timer to "peach" on her pals, but the headquarters man found out where she lived, and, with a couple of assistants, he raided her flat that same evening. He dug out something like \$14,000 of the firm's fine furs, and corralled half a dozen of the woman's pals, men and woman, all of them with international reputations as "lifters." The woman had skillfully forged the credentials with which she obtained her position as store detective, and then she had invited all hands among the shoplifters to come along and lost the establishment. It was about as cleverly planned a raid as has ever been pulled off even in New York, where there are thousands of crooks who spend all of their time framing up such schemes. The woman has engaged one of the most notable firms of criminal lawyers in New York to defend her and nobody familiar with these things over here is foolish enough to imagine that she will have any great amount of "time" to do when the trial is over. Things don't hap-

pen that way in little old New York. Consumptives Try a New Cure.

Up in Morningside Park, in Harlem, by permission of the city, there has been a camp of about a dozen male consumptives since October 15. They are taking the new open-air cure for the disease. Each man has a shelter tent, and there is a big A-tent used as a kitchen. The men take turns doing the cooking for the camp, and a sort of voluntary military discipline is main-tained, the most robust man of the lot-and the term is rather pitiable, at that—having been chosen to boss the outfit when the

camp was established. The men are visited every day by the physician in charge of them, who is posi-tive that the open-air scheme is the only way of curing pulmonary diseases. The men are very warmly clad in several suits of heavy underwear, but they are not permitted to have any sort of a fire in or around their shelter tents, and they are required to keep on the move as much as possible during the hours of the day. At night they sleep in their shelter tents under heavy bedding, but their heads are ex-posed to the cold air, of course. The medical man having them in charge maintains that the more frigid air they breathe while thus comfortably wrapped up in their bed-ding the better are their chances of being cured. Other features of the open-air cure are a diet consisting very largely of raw eggs, unlimited quantities of pure milk and attained a big vogue over here, even among persons who are only in a run-down physi-cal condition. The treatment to which these consumptives in Morningside Park are subjecting themselves looks pretty he-roic, and it sounds even more so when it is described in print, but it should be said described in print, but it should be said that every one of the men has improved and gained in weight and appetite and general condition since the beginning of the treatment. They are going to stick to it all through the winter, and their medical man, a physician of high reputation, is willing to stake his reputation that most of them will not only survive but he cured by them will not only survive, but be cured by the time the crocuses begin to pop. C. L. C.

Left-Eyed People.

From the New York Times. The man who spends half his time trying to classify people said he never saw so many left-eyed passengers in one car. "What do you mean by left-eyed pas-

"What do you mean by left-eyed passengers?" asked his companion.

"People who use their left eye more than
their right," was the reply. "The species
is not common, and of course none but a
student in ocular science would be able to
detect offhand the few whom we do meet.
A left-handed person advertises his peculiarity at once; not so the left-eyed man.
As a rule it takes an oculist to determine
which eye has been used most, but there
are certain peculiarities of the pupil and iid
that may be taken as pretty sure signs by
the trained observer.

that may be taken as pretty sure signs by the trained observer.

"Left-eyed people are made, not born. Most of us have been blessed by nature with eyes of equal visual power, but the attitude we strike when reading or writing causes us to exercise one eye more than the other, and one first thing we know we are right or left-eyed. This is a one-sidedness that should always be taken into consideration when buying glasses. A right-eyed man with left-eyed spectacles, or vice yersa, is at a decided disadvantage and it

NOTE TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

It is considered lucky for a black cat to cross your path.